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Agricultural.

PROPER METHOD OF STORING HAY.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

JACKSON, July 14, 1884.

The opinion of the farmers in this vicinity is about equally divided upon the question which just now is in the mind of every man who has hay to cut and to store. One-half believe, or profess to believe, that grass can be more easily cured, having the hay green and free from dust, and in the best possible condition, by placing it in a mow from which the air is excluded, or as nearly so as practicable. The other half claim that the more air that is allowed to surround and circulate through the mow the greener the grass can be placed in the barn, and be found bright and in good order in the spring. I know an intelligent farmer who has placed grass pipes in the hay of his barn, perforated with holes, thus conducting air into all parts of the mow while filled with new hay. And not a half mile from said farmer, I know an equally intelligent, practical farmer who does not allow the barn doors to be left open a moment longer than is necessary, while drawing in his hay; so anxious to exclude the air from his hay while curing.

Please give the readers of your valuable paper the result, briefly, of the many experiments that have been tried, and thus practically settle the vexed question.

NOVICE.

REPLY.

I am not aware that any experiments have ever been made expressly to settle this question, although a gentleman related to me that his father once put in twenty acres of hay in one day with three teams; half of it in the forenoon was put in a battened barn, and the doors closed; the other half was stacked in the afternoon, and covered with swale hay. The latter half was heated and mouldy in the center, while the former came out bright and free from mould in the spring.

I am aware that this, while it may have been convincing to the half-dozen, more or less, farmers of the neighborhood, will not be accepted as proof establishing the theory of the one side, by the parties holding an opposite view; but some practical reasons must be adduced showing the nature of the process of curing by which one is exempt from fermentation while the other is not. An opinion on the subject, not based upon some natural law of cause and effect, will carry no weight, except from preponderance of evidence. This correspondent states that the sentiment in his locality is about equally divided, so that opinions are not what he seeks for; these are doubtless plentiful nearer home.

This has been a mooted question for a good many years. The farmers of fifty years ago used to swing open the barn doors when the hay was damp, and argued that an open barn was best in which to cure hay in the mow. These farmers had sight of fermentation when they drove to secure evaporation, but the two processes are likely to occur at the same time, and what will hasten evaporation will hasten fermentation, and it is this latter which discolors and makes the hay mouldy, and which we should strive to prevent. Fermentation in vegetable matter is a process of decay, it is analogous to fire; both are fed by the oxygen of the air, and cannot exhibit much vigor when shut out from a free circulation. A fire in a room does not get beyond control until the doors are opened, or some one knocks in the windows, and lets in a fresh supply of oxygen. So if the barn is kept closed, the process of fermentation is delayed until evaporation has taken away so much of the water that fermentation is arrested and the hay is left bright and perfect. The sugar and starch of the plant causes fermentation, when the water in the plant is present in sufficient quantity, and are changed by this chemical action to alcohol and carbonic acid, by oxidation or exposure to the air. If it were not for the sugar present in the grass intended for hay, and the process of evaporation was all that was necessary to preserve it, then the open barn would be the very best security for the crop. The

closed barn doubtless prevents as ready an evaporation of the moisture in the hay as would be secured by open doors and cracks, but it certainly prevents such a generation of heat as burns out the best part of the hay. Shutting the barn certainly does not exclude the air; it still surrounds the mow of hay, but sufficient oxygen is not present to set the chemical fires at work. A stick with but a spark of fire upon it is aflame at once when plunged in a vessel containing pure oxygen. The blow pipe is used to direct a large amount of the oxygen of the air through the flame upon a small surface of metal to melt it. The office of the old fashioned bellows was to direct more oxygen to the fire, so a draft of air, or a free circulation of it to and around a mow of damp hay, fires up the fermentation before evaporation has fulfilled its office to preserve it. I have heard the theory of mow burned hay explained, by saying that exposure to the air drove the heat to the center, and caused it to be hotter than it otherwise would be. A current of air at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, brings with it ten times more oxygen than a scarcely perceptible breeze, at the rate of two and a half miles, and the air feeds a fire in this ratio, and as fermentation and fire are chemically the same, it furnishes sufficient motive for closing the barn doors and building tight sides and bottoms to barns intended for hay. A small bundle of sweet corn cut while green will almost surely ferment and spoil if left in the open air, but if placed in a silo excluded from the air, it will come out in the spring or winter quite palatable for stock, with no suspicion of mold upon it. The excess of sugar in the plant causes fermentation to set in at once if exposed to the air. The part of the mow which is burned, as it is called, where free exposure to the air is had, is usually near the top, while the hay below it will be green and perfect. If sufficient water were present the whole mass would rot down, but evaporation has continued, and thus one of the conditions is absent.

Gas pipes set upright in a mow of hay would furnish a natural upward outlet for moisture, but extending through the mow at or near the bottom horizontally from side to side, would be perfect fire flues to damp hay. The experience of the Jackson County farmers upon this problem is desirable and might throw more light upon this "vexed question."

A. C. G.

WRINKLES OR FOLDS ON MERINO SHEEP.

Washington and the neighboring counties of Pennsylvania, as well as the border ones of Ohio and West Virginia, make up one of the best Merino sheep districts of America; not inferior even in the goodness of their flocks to those of Vermont, although here are beginning to be convinced that the large, unsightly wrinkles in the skins of their sheep are very injurious to the evenness and length of staple of the fleece, and have now determined to get rid of these wrinkles as fast as possible. This they can do by selecting such rams and ewes as have the fewest and smallest wrinkles, couple these together, continue selecting in the same way with their progeny, and thus keep on until they show skins as smooth as those of the Southdowns.

It has been a mere prejudice breeding wrinkles thus long on Merino sheep. As they came to us in the first place with these ugly folds in their skins, our flockmasters thought they must be kept up; and thus they have gone on until the present day, greatly against their own interests and convenience. It takes a much longer time to shear a wrinkled sheep than it does a smooth one and the wool on the folds is not so valuable as on other parts of the body.—*American Sheep Breeder.*

The writer of the above may be a breeder of Merino sheep, but if he is, and his stock is bred in accordance with the ideas expressed above, he is pretty certain to have them upon his hands for some time. This question of wrinkles is one of those that come up every little while, and is a good thing to theorize over; but all the same the very best breeders, and those who have achieved a reputation for their stock, are very careful to avoid plain sheep. Most of them have had some experience with plain sheep, and we have yet to find one whose experience was such as to induce him to continue breeding them. As a rule, no matter how wrinkly the buck is, the ewes never show an undue proportion of wrinkles. Wrinkles, in their proper place, are one of the most desirable characteristics of the American Merino, and a Merino sheep as smooth as a Southdown would simply be a useless monstrosity. The statement that breeding wrinkles is a mere prejudice is sheer nonsense. Let us see how those who attempted to breed the wrinkles out of the Merino sheep have succeeded. We find the following upon this point in the first volume of the American Merino Register:

Petri, the French writer upon Merinos, says a ram should have "a heavy folded skin." He also observes "that the lambs which bring into the world fine, soft hair and a great number of folds, and whose tails are, in appearance, shortened by the large folds around them, bear the indication of great softness and quantity of wool."

their own efforts to improve the Spanish Merino sheep in its capacity as a producer of fine wool. Mr. F. gives the result of these observations and investigations in the Pasture Office Report for 1847. From this article we make a few extracts.

"Twenty years ago, bucks with a smooth, tight skin, which had extremely fine wool, were considered the best; but their fleeces were light in weight, and had a tendency to twist. The German Merino wool grower had to come back to the original form of rams, with a loose skin, many folds, and heavy fleeces, and since then they have succeeded in uniting, with a great quantity of wool, a high degree of fineness."

"This kind of heavy folded animals, rams and ewes, is now considered the best for breeding and wool bearing." "According to Petri, who traveled in Spain with a view of collecting information upon Merino wool culture, the Spanish consider Merino sheep, with folds, as a sign of an improved and thorough breed." "More or less folds upon an animal give proof of the greater or less quantity of wool; but these folds must be covered with as fine and good a wool as is on the adjacent parts of the body."

"The Spaniards kill all those lambs which are born with few or no folds, and fine, short hair, or almost naked, because experience has taught them that the offspring of such animals bear a fine wool, but produce, by degrees, animals with floppy, light fleeces, which gradually lose the folds, and become thinner and thinner in the fleece, and are consequently less advantageous to the wool grower, than those sheep which are produced from lambs with plenty of folds and a thick cover of soft, fine hair."

"The French Merino, coming from the same ancestry as the American, were bred with a different object in view. It was thought possible to breed them larger, plain bodied, with more of the characteristics of a mutton sheep, without losing their value as wool-growers. The superintendent of the flock at Rambouillet, M. Bernardin, in giving his experience in breeding this flock, says of wrinkles:

"Very much folded animals which furnish a superabundance of wool are sometimes weakened in their constitutions and appear as though exhausted by this exaggerated production of wool." "But apart from these very exceptional cases, and which never represent one per cent, the folded animals are very hardy, very resistant and are capable of supporting privation."

"Folds on sheep imply closer, more settled wool, fibres closer to each other and stronger, and indicate a more abundant fleece, notwithstanding the wool is shorter. The fleeces of folded animals covers all parts of the body more completely than that of subjects without folds; it is better closed externally, that is to say, it is with more difficulty penetrated by dust, seeds, etc., which may annoy the animal and soil or alter the wool. Folds on Merinos are, above all, found about the neck, in front of the shoulders; to procure them would, therefore, be to exclude the best wool producers."

ENSILAGE.

Recent Notes in regard to it from Our Paris Correspondent—French and American Machinery for its Preparation.

The ensilage of green fodder is still one of the most interesting of questions to the French farmer, and in that country the system has become general with agriculturists. Our Paris correspondent, in a recent communication, says that the ensilage of maize has now entered regularly into rotations. But great as are the advantages of this innovation, it is not intended to supersede root crops. It is never considered other than as an aid to spring feeding when mangels and turnips fall short, and the ensiling is yet too young; it also is a kind of safe-guard against short supplies of hay; against dry summer

able of these is the Ross Giant Cutter, the largest and most powerful that has yet appeared either in this country or abroad. Its capacity appears to be practically unlimited, as high as 15 tons per hour, one-half inch long, being guaranteed. It has four 26-inch knives, with an upward cut; but can also be furnished with downward cut when preferred. It cuts from a quarter to a full inch, as desired, the length of the cut being easily regulated by the operator. The illustration on this page will give our readers a good idea of this machine.

In connection with the cutter is the Ross Angle Carrier. It is reversible, and can be changed to deliver to the right or left as desired. Unlike the straight delivery carrier, this device enables the user to place the cutter close up to the silo or bin into which the fodder is to be carried.

It also leaves the feeding end of the machine clear all around it for wagons, material, and workmen, and permits its being fed on either or both sides, as best suited for receiving the material to be cut, which advantages are too apparent to need explanation. Heretofore it has been necessary to belt back beside the cutter, when straight-away carriers were used, thereby shutting off completely with the driving belt all of one side of the machine, and preventing its approach with wagons, men, or material, doubling the cost of preparing the fodder, and proving a great annoyance and expense. Messrs. E. W. Ross & Co. also make a straight delivery carrier, of the same general description as their angle carrier.

This firm publish a work on Ensilage Silos, which contains matter of general interest to those who are thinking of

ers and cold springs. The principle is accepted in France: it is being made known by lecturers and publications. Those who adopt ensilage, devote their attention to plans for making it more useful, and also cheap with respect to the silo. In Vendee and the west of France, where the cabbage is extensively cultivated, that green crop is being experimented upon. The variety known as *choux modier* has an excellent reputation; it can weigh as much as 12 lbs. and yields 25 to 33 tons per acre. Mixed with bran, brewers' grains, and sliced beet, it promises to make an excellent silo appetizing food. The roots correct the tendency of the cabbage to flavor the butter. A gentleman prevents his butter from such flavor produced from feeding his stock principally on cabbage by adding a little of the finest olive oil to the cream before churning. The same ought

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COMPOSITION OF WOOD ASHES.

A correspondent asks for an authoritative analysis of wood ashes, with a view of deciding upon their value as a fertilizer. Last summer Prof. R. C. Kedzie, of the Agricultural College, in a paper read before the State Horticultural Society, gave an analysis of wood ashes, taking the ash of the beach as a fair average. The Professor said that one bushel of ashes is afforded by two and a half cords of wood. He states that 100 pounds contains 16 pounds of potash, worth 80 cents, 67 pounds of lime and magnesia, worth eight cents, and 53 pounds of phosphoric acid worth 26 cents. To buy these in market they would cost \$1.14, or about 50 cents a bushel. Dr. Kedzie said that, compared with the common price of wood ashes, German potash salts are very expensive. The same may be had in the ashes at a much lower rate. On marshy land wood ashes have proved of great value, and nothing better can be applied on light sandy soils. In fact the great value of wood ashes as a fertilizer is known to but few, or else but few act upon their knowledge. In the eastern States their value has long been recognized, and they are shipped from Michigan to Massachusetts and sold at a price that pays for the expense.

Stock Notes.

C. HIBBARD & SON, of Bennington, Shawnee County, reports the following recent sales from their herd of registered Berkshires: To Fred. Conners, of Owosso, one boar. To Rush Brothers, Owosso, one sow. To E. K. Ingersoll, Owosso, one sow. To T. E. Sheldon, Owosso, one sow. To O. J. Armstrong, Owosso, one sow pig. To J. Ewart Smith, Ypsilanti, one pair pigs. To J. Leland, Rose, Oakland County, one sow pig.

A NEBRASKA swine breeder who is breeding Jersey Red swine, and owns a goodly number of them says: "In regard to their being stronger and healthier than all others, they are not so; they will die just as fast with any disease, or will take it as quick as any other hogs. I am raising them, and think it very foolish for a man to say a red hog is cholera-proof, for they will take it as fast as any other if not faster."

AN English paper remarks concerning the importation of draft horses into the United States, that to keep up the supply of horses here, 1,000,000 must be bred annually, and those who have made horse-breeding for a foreign market a specialty need not yet despair, though the demand may have fallen off. They have the best of Clydesdales, the best of Percherons, and a few Shires, but they need more of all; and the Cleveland blood much, as the best of the studs of the old Yorkshire breed out there has not been heavily touched.

The death is announced of the famous trotting stallion *Almont*, at the farm of his owner, Gen. W. T. Withers, of Kentucky. Almont, named three great trotting strains, namely: Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief and Pilot Jr., in his pedigree. He was sired by Alexander's Abdullah, the sire of Goldsmith Maid, Rosalind, Thorndale and other famous trotters, and his dam was Sally Anderson by Mambrino Chief, the sire of Lady Thorne, Woodford Mambrino, and well known fast ones. His second dam was by Pilot Jr. Of Almont's descendants the most noted are Fanny Witherspoon, Piedmont, Early Rose, Aldine, Almonarch, Alta, and the great pacer Westmont. Almont only started in one race, getting a record of 2:39, after which he was retired to the breeding stable. He was twenty years old, and the cause of his death was spasmodic colic.

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

Among the Farmers and Stock Breeders of Livingston County—Shropshire and Merino Sheep—Shorthorn and Holstein Cattle.

Three miles and a half east of Howell, on the old Grand River road, is a grand good farm of 150 level acres, on which there is not one foot of waste land. It is the home of A. Tooley, who came on to it as a pioneer many long years ago, and when nature looked on a luxuriant growth of heavy timber. To-day, she smiles on a different scene, the timber has been cut, the stumps rotted and pulled, the log house given way to a large and stately brick home, while the fields yield immense crops of grass and grain, the fences straight and the corners clean. In fact it is a model home for an independent farmer. From the observatory of the house we catch a full view of Long Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, some two and a half miles in length. The sun this morning shone upon it with almost redoubled splendor, and we catch the green depth of woodland stretches, of smiling meadow, curves of small bays, pleasant slopes of shore, and swelling hills, and to us 'tis a delightful remembrance. We do not know whether the Indian maiden ever glided over the surface in her light canoe, or untamed warriors ever held council on its banks, for there are none to tell us of it. But rapid flying time with its unceasing march, reminds us of our duties—and we come back once more to mother earth. All the buildings are very large and substantial, the new horse barn erected last year is 36x70, with 90 foot posts, and conveniently placed. In it we find the Percheron stallion Harry Livingston. He is eight years old, was imported by M. W. Dunham in 1880, is black in color, weighs

(Continued on eighth page.)

1,600 lbs., stands 16 hands high, has good deep chest, heavy quarters, grand stiff, good limbs and feet, plenty of action and a good stock getter. We saw about 20 of his colts, and among them all no poor ones. He has been owned by the two brothers, A. K. & C. H. Tooley, nearly four years. We find some of his get on the farm. The sucking colts, the one, two and three year old ones, and the breeding mares numbers nearly 15. The cattle are only high grades, but a four-year-old roan heifer is a beauty. With a sigh of regret we leave this good farm, its owner and his pleasant family.

William Tooley has a farm of equally as good land, containing 120 acres, and adjoining the above named one—here we find the crops looking well, and several colts sired by Harry Livingston that are good enough to please any "commission" of horse flesh.

John Lawson has 174 acres in his farm which borders on Long Lake. The farm is a very profitable one, the location of his good house a pleasant one, and all his buildings good. His cattle and sheep are highly graded, and best of all to us, he is an ardent admirer of the *FARMER*, and speaks many a word of praise in its favor.

A. Grostick has well earned his good home and farm of 200 acres, much of which is bottom lands, by perseverance, industry and economy. His flock of 130 grade sheep and his cattle are good of course, the colts sired by Harry Livingston are not behind the other get of this stallion.

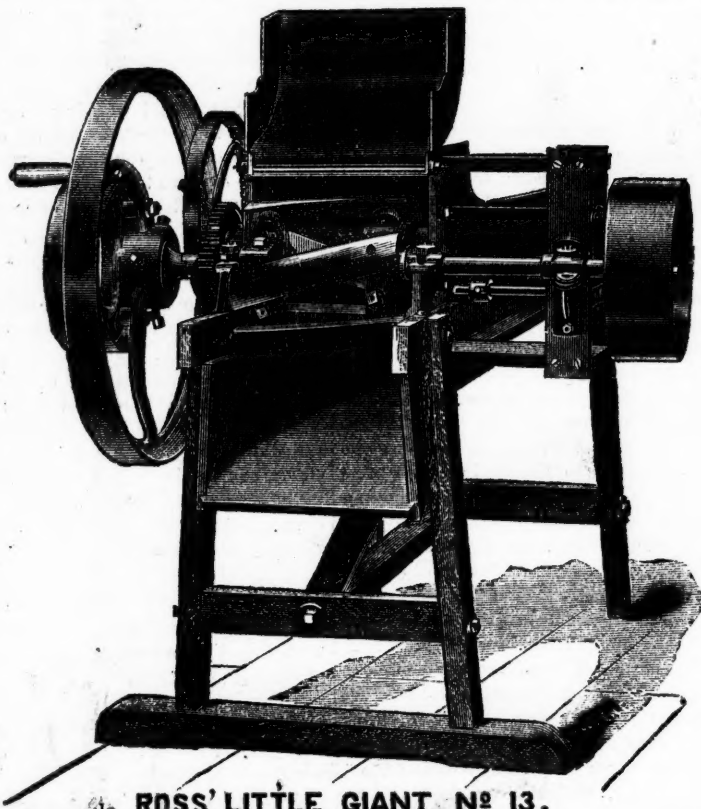
Conrad Schoenhals is another energetic farmer, and we find on the broad well worked acres of his farm, some of the best corn and wheat seen on the trip. His herd of high grade cattle show to good advantage, being well conditioned, etc. In fact it would be difficult to find a better farm or farmer, or a better herd of grades in the county.

A. V. Holt, in Oceola, finds time to buy grain at his elevator in Howell four miles distant, to work his 230 acre farm, to read his *MICHIGAN FARMER* and to visit with any of the attaches of the office when they call. His father came on this farm over 40 years ago (but it was not given to A. V. H.) when the country was a wilderness, and was piloted to his new home by Mr. A. Tooley, who had come previously. The buildings are of a good class, inclusive of house, barns, sheds, cribs and grain house (or elevator) with a storage capacity of over 2,000 bushels. This latter building is quite essential; for the farm produces wonderfully well; for instance, 425 bushels of wheat from ten acres, 1,224 bushels oats from 10 acres, and better still, a yield of 400 bushels black oats from five acres. The farm was formerly heavily timbered. A grand row of stately maples border each side of the road for nearly its whole front, and others cast a heavy shade on lawn and house. In stock there are good horses, a colt sired by Tim Gooding, a trotter, a two-year-old of splendid size, good limbs and feet, got by Harry Livingston, a black three-year-old and a two-year-old, by Tim Gooding, a flock of 175 grade sheep, and the foundation of a herd of thoroughbred Shorthorns, now numbering seven head. His first purchase of this class of stock was a two-year-old heifer from Hon. Wm. Ball. She proved a good breeder, having raised six heifer and two bull calves. His two-year-old red bull Nuxbux Duke (Vol. 26 A. H. B.) was bred by J. C. & G. Hamilton, of Mt. Sterling, Ky. He was got by Grand Duke of Geneva 28756, out of Lillie Belle Nuxbux, by Duke of Nuxbux 9920 etc., to Imp. Young Mary, by Jupiter (2170). He is a right royal blooded young fellow, a little under size, but is proving to be a good stock getter.

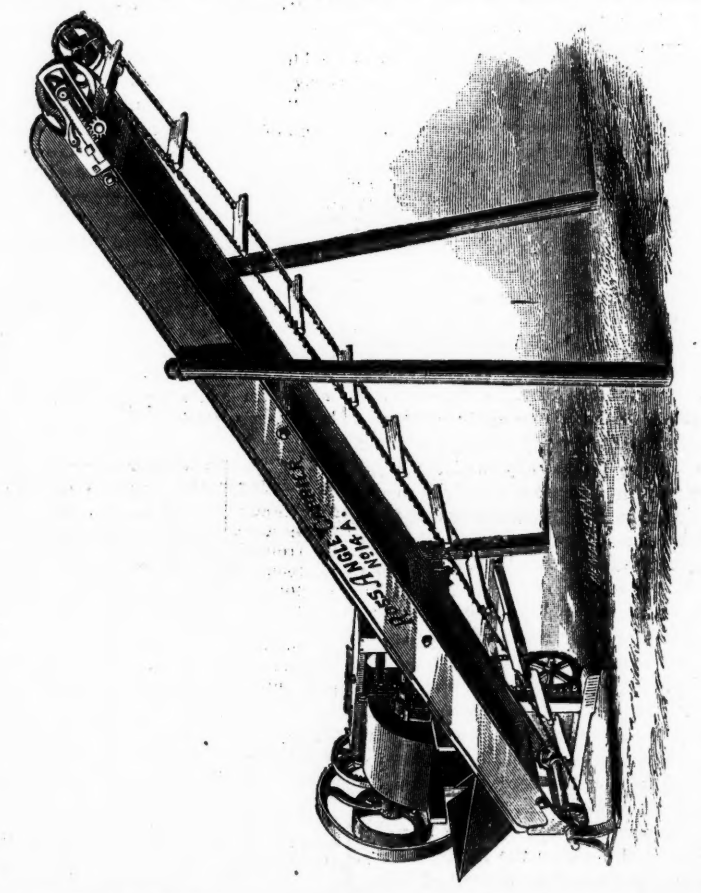
In the township of Unadilla we find there are many thriving progressive farmers, who have had so rich a soil that if but half worked it yielded richly, yet with this help of nature, they have not wasted hours in idleness, but have placed farms under good improvement, such as fences and buildings.

Hon. S. G. Ives came from the State of New York and settled in this town as a pioneer in the year 1835. He was fortunate in his selection of land for a farm and future home. As we stand on the lawn, in front of the old mansion shaded by noble trees, we look at every field, see the land rolling and sloping, field after field either covered with fast ripening grain, grass or clover, see herds of cattle and sheep grazing in pasture, and we think of the hours of labor of that pioneer, that made it such in appearance to us to-day. We think too of the noble example of this man's life, rising as it were from lowly life to be the possessor of so much land and means (for there are 341 acres) rising to positions of trust, of his patience, labor, his integrity and enjoying the confidence of all, truly a representative type of an American. This farm is called Hickory Ridge, and is now the home of Frank E. Ives, his son, who was born upon it. Owning this farm as he does, he decided some six years ago that the time must come that Michigan farmers must raise less wheat, although he raises yet 1,000 bushels a year, and decided to start a herd of Shorthorn cattle, deeming them to be the best adapted to our soil and climate. His herd now numbers some twenty-one.

(Continued on eighth page.)



ROSS' LITTLE GIANT No. 13.



to be also efficacious in the case of turnip rations. An implement manufacturer has brought out an improved maize-chaffer; the machine cuts the green maize from half an inch, and upwards, as desired; a current of air wafts the cuttings through a tube that can be lengthened or lowered at will, like a crane, so as to throw the mass into the silo.

The growth of the system at the east, and also in some sections of the middle States, and the demand it has made for machinery that will reduce the labor of filling silos to a minimum, has set American inventors and manufacturers at work also, and quite a number of new appliances have been put in market for that purpose. The most important and valu-

Horticultural.

THE RELATION OF THE HOUSEHOLD TO THE GARDEN.

Read by Mrs. R. F. Johnston, of Detroit, at the Summer Meeting of the Michigan Horticultural Society, held at Bay City, June 10th and 11th.

(Published by request.)

The relation of the household and the garden is a reciprocal one, each giving, each taking. The household stands in the garden as originator, cultivator, recipient; the garden is to the family, supporter, strengthener, sustainer. Vegetables and fruit seem the natural food of the race; the garden is as old as hunger.

As we understand more clearly the process of assimilation by which food is converted into blood, and see how dependent we are upon the food we eat for the health which makes "life worth living," we see how essential it is that our diet should be health-giving, nutritious, and adapted to our habits and work. It is a grave mistake to suppose that so our hunger is appeased it does not matter what we eat. Two-thirds our illness have risen in indigestion, or mal-assimilation of food, which vitiates the blood; and our indigestions come from too much, too rich, improper or too hastily eaten food. As a people we eat too much meat, especially pork, with its worms and trichinae, to the neglect of the wholesome, nutritious, easily digested vegetables to be had for the raising. Simplicity of food is a condition of health, for condiments and rich cooking tempt to excess, and the overloading of the digestive powers. We are not tempted to over-eat of fruits and vegetables, a natural diet is self-limiting. If we do indulge, there is far less danger to health than with less readily digested food.

It is impossible for the average man to understand what a constant tax upon a woman's resources it is to plan and prepare those three meals per day, to which she adds down with little heed to the time, thought and trouble which go to their preparation. The housekeeper's task is as endless as that of Sisyphus, forever rolling the stone which forever recoiled upon him; for she rises from one meal with the thought of the next upon her, day after day, year after year. To be able to prepare a meal which she knows must be varied, appetizing and hygienic both demand a change; watch how eagerly she copies a "new recipe," tried by a neighbor, or caught in the flotsam and jetsam of the family literature! There is a virtuous consciousness of well doing in a woman's heart as she summons her family to a dinner which she feels does her credit, which it is every loyal housewife's duty to encourage by giving to the table, the great source of supplies, the care and culture it deserves, not making a side issue, to be given attention when there is nothing else to do, but giving it as a place in the farm economy with the wheat and corn crop. It is economy to do so. Any good housekeeper will tell you that a well tended garden is "half the family's living," that it saves grocery bills, while by its side she can set a bountiful, appetizing table. It saves her worry in planning her meals, and much hot work over the kitchen stove. Dean Swift tells us that in Laputa they had a process by which sunbeams were extracted from cucumbers; certainly a good deal of the sunshine of domestic happiness can be extracted from a whole garden full of vegetables; and healthy and economical living both speak in favor of this purveyor to the household.

A good garden is a help in solving that great agricultural conundrum, how to keep the boys and girls on the farm. Attractive surroundings are the magic charm of home. The well ordered, trim neatness of the garden exerts an influence on other externals, the doorway is braced up, the tangled shrubbery trimmed, and the roadside made tidy, and very new beauty added to the farm is a link in the chain to keep the children there. They, too, appreciate a good table as much as any.

And yet, with all the good things we may say of the garden, and which have been so often repeated that their recital is like the "thrice told tale" of the "old, old, old," how infrequently we see a really good garden upon the farm! It is generally the one spot where all the weeds which spring up under Adam's feet as he left the primal garden, run riot.

It is curious, but true, that the table of the day laborer in town, who does not own a foot of land, and whom the country man contemptuously declares "lives from hand to mouth," is more bountifully supplied with vegetables and fruits than that of the farmer in the midst of his broad acres. The latter gives a variety of excuses for his neglect; and at a neighbor's, with his mouth full of his own help of delicious green peas, will declare a garden "don't pay," and as he looks up his plate for another quater-quon of strawberry short-cake, will wonder how his host can find time to "putter with small fruits," regardless of, or indifferent to the fact that no acre on his farm will yield him so much of good fruit, and do so much to promote his health and happiness, as a quarter-acre garden spot, intelligently tended. Even so small an area has infinite possibilities to be developed into rich reward when we are educated up to the right standard; that thinking which leads us to seek less to hoard money for a possible "rainy day," than to enjoy life's pleasures and privileges every day.

Undoubtedly the garden for the busy farmer, with both eyes fixed upon the bald-headed bird of Liberty, as represented on our silver dollar, who counts that day lost which does not advance his worldly interests, is what may more properly be called the "truck patch," where home and cultivator give the culture, and where the Scriptural injunction to let the trees grow with the wheat until the harvest is literally obeyed. This is far better than no garden at all. Generous planting enables the myriad enemies of the horticulturist to take their thies, and yet there is enough left. The home table is supplied; the housekeeper lays by her

winter stores, and next year cornblades wave or buckwheat blossoms on the spot, and the garden is found in a new place. This is the garden of the practical, non-sentimental man, who views all things with a utilitarian eye.

But the garden from which the whole family may gain the purest delight, in which they will feel the most interest and take the most pride, is the old-fashioned one, the fashion of which came with the Puritans from Old England, and lingers in New England yet. It is that in which year after year fruits and flowers meet and mingle, where spade and hoe and hand weeder give the culture, and rectangular beds and trim pathways abound. Such a garden is fair to see. I have such an one in mind now, where beds of sweet marjory and thyme-blended cohorts of onions, stiff and rigid in their green liveries picked out with white; where the cranberry bean, tenderly cherished because its seed was brought from "Old Vermont," flaunted its motley pods above the scarlet poppies whose brilliant shades it flaunted; and tomato plants jostled York and Lancaster roses; where double rows of peas hung blossom banners and plethoric pods over a brush forest, and sweet william and sweeter pinks, and purple columbine and iris mingled in charming confusion. A wandering raspberry bush clutched up a morning glory vine swung a chime of dewy bells from a sundower tower, and the housewife's pale green pods clustered the treasured golden grains of lupulin among the wreaths of foliage that wound among the white palings. There was room for the grandiose dwarf pear trees, and for the seedlings from the peach pits the lad planted and tended. No weed seeds ever ripened there, and the land laughed with a harvest till a black frost brought desolation. It was a garden of delights, full of surprises; ever new, ever charming.

And this is the ideal garden; the garden for the amateur, and for the elderly man who begins to find that he wants the short rows in the harvest field, and a sober-minded horse on Sundays. Here he feels that though he sees a declining sun from life's west windows, he yet lives to some purpose; and his farm triumphs of the past he renews in Brobdingnagian beets and melons. This fashion of gardening is the delight of the business man who has "retired," and in unwonted inactivity finds time like lead upon his hands. To his *délicatissime* gardening, at which his neighbors poke impious fun, he gives the zeal and enthusiasm with which he once wooed the fickle goddess who gives with one hand and takes away with the other, and gains, I am sure, a purer and more tranquil happiness from this peaceful pursuit.

And such a garden is to the household more than a mere purveyor of food. It feeds our love of beauty by its fair young flowers, its tender greens, its reproductions and renewals. Here in the spring we see how Earth's slow pulse thrills under sun and rain and

Here we find the aesthetics of horticulture, for here the busy woman, her thoughts intent upon what Owen Meredith calls "Hour of all hours, most blessed upon earth, Blessed hour of our dinner," yet pauses among its beauty and fragrance to rest a moment, and feast her eyes; and goes back to her kitchen refreshed and strengthened by the reviving influence of Nature. Into this ideal garden the observant man takes his microscope and prys into Nature's secrets as under the magic glass he counts the petals of close-closed blossom buds, discerns grape clusters within the warm, resinous, cedar-down blanket tucked about them, and even counts the grapes upon the cluster. After all, in spite of all they tell us of its multiplying insects, its laborious culture, its demands on time and muscle, we feel that its continuity is its charm, that the old fashioned garden is the garden of our dreams, and that the relation of the household to such a garden is that of pleasure and profit.

WATER AND LAWNS.

At the meeting of the State Horticultural Society at Bay City, two papers were read upon "The Use and Abuse of Water in Horticulture." The papers were principally devoted to detailing the uses to which water could be put, and its abuses were forgotten. But Professor Tracy, of Detroit, took occasion in the discussion which followed, to protest against the way in which water is now used upon lawns in our cities and towns. He said that since the invention of those pretty little lawn fountains or sprinklers, it was the custom to keep them running all the time upon the lawns, moving them from place to place. The result was that the grass, instead of completely covering the ground, and forming a close mat of verdure, grows up rank and thin, and the lawn can never be made satisfactory. Water should seldom be used upon a lawn, said the Professor, and when absolutely necessary it should be applied in the evening and the ground completely saturated. It would be far better, he said, to use a hose and give it a thorough drenching, than to keep up this continual sprinkling, for as soon as it is stopped, the grass wilts down and dies out. It has become so accustomed to being stimulated that it cannot do without it. Since we heard the Professor give his opinion of the use of lawn fountains, we have taken occasion to examine a number of lawns around the city, and find that there are very few perfect ones to be found, although enough has been expended upon some of them to make them so. In some cases it was too much shade, but most frequently the failure was from the constant and ill considered use of water.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Tribune in giving a reason for the barrenness of a grape vine, says the cause of sterility is doubtless due to the fact that the blossoms are all male or sterile, consequently unable to perfect fruit. The only remedy is to graft the vine with a good fertile variety. The fragrance of the blossoms is especially noticeable in vines producing strictly male or staminate flowers.

A Disclaimer.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

On the third page of your issue of 8th Inst., in an article entitled "Western Michigan Fruit Growers' Society," my name is given as one of the promoters of that recently organized society.

Not wishing to acquire a credit to which I am in no sense entitled, I take occasion to state that not only had I nothing whatever to do either for or against the organization of such society; but that, while I can see an abundance of work for such a society to do, I feel that with what I have already tried to do, my years are already too far elapsed, to warrant me in attempting to add in this or in any other new undertaking of this character.

SOUTH HAVEN, July 9, '84.

Correction.

LANSING, Mich., July 9, '84.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I find in the report of the committee on exhibit at Bay City, the excellent collection of fruit packages shown by R. T. Pierce & Co., of South Haven, was overlooked, and I take this opportunity of rectifying the oversight, and calling attention to the worthiness of the packages shown by this enterprising firm.

Truly yours,

J. SATTERLEE

Chairman of Committee.

Horticultural Notes.

The Florida Dispatch records a Tinley peach which measured 13 inches round, and weighed 30 ounces.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Tribune says the only sure remedy for the orange color rust which is so destructive on raspberry bushes is to root up the plants and burn them.

The Henderson Strawberry, according to the *Rural New Yorker*, is a new berry of promise, a cross between Sterling and Boyden 30. The flower is perfect, the plant said to be very prolific, hardy, and as vigorous as the Sharpless.

A CORRESPONDENT of Home and Farm sent T. A. Fross, Donesville, Ohio, "10 cents to pay postage" on a sample of "extra fine corn." In return he received an orange, the postage on which was just one penny—leaving the generous advertiser "nine cents profit," or at the rate of \$90 per bushel.

The real squash bug is hard to kill. Hand picking, though a tiresome and by no means agreeable occupation, is the surest way of ridding a vine of the pest. The kerosene emulsion is the most satisfactory application. Paris green and other similar poisons are utterly worthless for this purpose.

The Gardener's Monthly says the peach curl is caused by the growth of a minute fungus parasite. Each species of fungus requires certain conditions of heat and moisture before it will germinate. The peach curl requires a comparatively low temperature, and when the weather gets warm it will not develop. A steadily warm temperature is therefore the best protection against the curl.

The blossoms of the pumpkin and melon tribe are of two kinds, male and female. The male are borne on long stalks, while the female are nearly sessile and are under the leaves. The male flowers soon wilt and die. People ignorant of this fact often suppose that their pumpkins or squashes are "blasted" when male flowers die. If the male flowers should not be numerous, and if bees are not plenty, it is a good practice to shake the male flowers over the female when the males are mature, to insure fertilization.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Country Gentleman says he prevents the damage of the root borer on his plantation of squash vines by dissolving an ounce of saltpetre in a gallon of water and pour this freely on the young plants as soon as they come out of the ground, so that the earth is thoroughly wet. In four or five days repeat this watering, and again after a similar interval. He does not wait for the vines to wilt, but applies the remedy whether it is needed or not.

MATTHEW CRAWFORD, of Cuyahoga Falls, O., a well-known strawberry grower, tells how strawberries for exhibition may be sent a long distance in safety. He says, in the *Ohio Farmer*: "Put the berries in a four quart basket and put it in a larger one—a peck—and suspend it from the handle by rubber cord. Then tie the ends and sides with the same material so that it can neither touch the bottom nor sides. Have it just stiff enough, and not too stiff, so that it will swing when moved. Tie a paper over the larger basket, put a tag on the handle, and prepay express charges."

When the organs of secretion become inactive by reason of a cold or other cause the inflammatory material should be removed and healthy action restored. Ayer's Pills accomplish this quickly. Much serious sickness and suffering might be prevented by promptly correcting such derangements, which often develop into settled disease.

Aptarian.

HONEY DEW.

Prof. Cook Throws Light on the Mystery—What the Maple-bark Louse Has to do with It.

In a recent issue of *Gleanings in Europe* a correspondent has an article on Honey Dew, and asks Prof. Cook for an explanation of the mystery. The correspondent says:

"I noticed an article in *Gleanings* for June 15, from E. R. Root, about honey-dew. I have had a little experience in that line this season, which may be of interest to your readers. About the 8th or 9th of this month I went to the pasture after the cows, when, near the woods, I heard a tremendous roaring of bees, and, thinking a swarm was passing over, I looked in every direction but could see no bees. As I got nearer the woods the sound seemed to increase in volume. Just in the edge of the woods I saw a young hickory tree in blossom and thinking the bees might be working on that I went up to the tree, when I found the leaves completely covered with what is known as honey-dew. The tree was fairly alive with bumble-bees, honey-bees, yellow-jackets, wasps, hornets, and flies; the leaves were so covered with the honey-dew they had the appearance of being varnished."

"Looking up to the top of the tree I saw myriads of small insects which I took to be the aphides or plant-lice, but on

looking closer I discovered they were striped bugs, which seemed to be gathering honey-dew with the rest. After looking around and finding the honey-dew on oak, maple, elm and beech trees, I went on over to friend Phelps', taking some of the leaves with me. I found him at home, and together we went back to the woods to see if we could discover the source of the honey-dew. After looking at the trees some time we about came to the conclusion that it was a natural secretion of honey in the leaves of the trees. While we were talking and watching the bees we noticed a bee running along the branches, stopping from time to time to gather something. Upon pulling down the limbs and looking close we discovered they were literally covered with the scaly aphides, or bark-lice. Upon close inspection we discovered a small drop of a clear fluid exuding from the backs of the lice. This was what the bees were gathering on the branches, and it was falling all the while in a fine spray, it being visible on our coats when we came out in the sun. Now, may not this in a measure account for some of those mysterious falls of honey-dew we hear of? The flow of honey from this source lasted about two or three weeks, or until the bees began to work on white clover, and perhaps a little longer, as I find, in taking off honey, the boxes are spotted more or less with the honey-dew while some are filled entirely with it. As to quality all I have to say is if any person can eat it, he is capable of eating any thing. It looks nasty, it tastes nasty, and it is nasty; and what to do with it I don't know, for it isn't fit for a hog to eat.

"Now, as I am rather ignorant on the subject of entomology, will Prof. Cook, or some one else who is posted, inform us of the different stages of the bark-lice, and about the time they remain in each stage, and whether they often produce this so-called honey-dew? This is a new thing to me, having never in my life noticed it before, and I would like to know how many different kinds of insects and worms are capable of producing honey-dew."

Prof. Cook has prepared an article on this subject which we give in full:

From very numerous inquiries as to name, habit and remedies regarding this louse, I have for some weeks intended to write you; but an overwhelming amount of work has prevented until your letter drives me to it. Pres. E. Orton writes me that this insect is killing the soft maples, and wishes a remedy. Mr. O. J. Terrill, from North Ridgeville, says they are affording much nectar which attracts the bees, seems excellent, and wishes to know if it is probably wholesome. The editor of the *Coldwater Republican* asks if there is any way to save the maples. These are samples of a score of inquiries coming thick from Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan.

DESCRIPTION.

The maple tree scale or bark louse (*Pulvinaria innumabilis*, Rath.) consists at this season of a brown scale about five-eighths of an inch long, which is oblong, and slightly notched behind. On the back of the scale are transverse depressions, marking segments. The blunt posterior of the insect is raised by a large dense mass of fibrous cotton-like material, in which will be found about 800 small white eggs. These eggs falling out to a dark surface look to the unaided eye like flour; but with a lens they are found to be oblong, and would be pronounced by all as eggs at once. This cotton-like egg-receptacle is often so thick as to raise the brown scale nearly a fourth of an inch. These scales are found on the under side of the limbs of the trees, and are often so thick as to overlap each other. Often there are hundreds on a single main branch of the tree. I find them on basswood, soft and hard maple, and grapevines, though much more abundant on the maples.

Another feature at this mature stage of the insect, is the secretion of a large amount of nectar. This falls on the leaves below, so as to fairly gum them over, as though they were varnished. The nectar is much prized by the bees, which swarm upon the leaves. If such nectar is pleasant to the taste, as Mr. Terrill avers, I should have no fear of the bees collecting it.

From the middle to the last of June, the eggs begin to hatch, though hatching is not completed for some weeks after it begins, so we may expect young lice to hatch out from late in June till August.

The young lice are yellow, half as broad as long, tapering slightly toward the posterior. The seven abdominal segments appear very distinctly. The legs and antennae are seen from the other side. As in the young of all such bark lice, the back, or sucking-tube, is long and thread-like, and is bent under the body till the young louse is ready to settle down to earnest work as a sapper.

Two hair-like appendages, or setae, terminate the body, which soon disappear. The young, newly born louse, wanders two or three days, then in search of its food, it settles where it first locates. It prefers the middle under side of the leaf. In autumn the much-enlarged louse withdraws from the leaves and attaches to the under side of the twigs and branches; while on the leaves they sometimes, though rarely, withdraw their beak, and change their position. In winter, the young lice remain dormant; but with the warmth of spring, as the sap begins to circulate, the lice begin to suck and grow.

The increase of size as the eggs begin to develop is very rapid. Now the drops of nectar begin to fall, so that leaves and sidewalks underneath become sweet and sticky. In the 1st of July, Mr. Singleton states that leaves of the maple do secrete honey-dew. It is on the leaves, and there are no aphides or plant-lice. Mr. Singleton's honey-dew is, without doubt, this same nectar from bark-lice. Had Mr. S. looked on the under side of the branches, instead of on the leaves, he would have found, not aphides, to be sure, but bark lice.

If these spring lice are examined closely with a low magnifying power, a marginal row of hairs will be seen.

MALES.

Some few of the scales in late July will be noticed to be dimmer, lighter in color, and somewhat more convex above. In these the setae do not disappear, but may be seen projecting from the posterior end of the scales. In August, the mature males appear. These have the scales, have two wings, and are very active.

Although the females are to continue to grow till the next June, collection now takes place. The males are seen for two or three weeks, though probably each individual does not live as many days. It is quite probable that, as in case of production of drone-bees and aphides, the males of these scale-lice are not absolutely necessary to reproduction. We know they are not in some species.

REMEDIES.

By use of a long-handled broom dipped in strong lye or soapuds, the thickly gathered lice could be readily removed from the lower side of the branches at any time in the spring. This would kill the lice, and prevent egg-laying, or destroy the eggs already laid. The earlier this is done in the spring the better. The position of the lice on the under side of the branches makes this more practicable, if not the only practicable remedy at this season. On a few trees, or on small trees, this is no serious task. If this is neglected, or is thought to be too great a task, the trees may be syringed in early July, just when the young lice are most susceptible, with the following: One quart soft soap, ten quarts water, and one quart kerosene oil; stir all well together. This can be thrown on with a fountain pump. As the lice are mostly on the lower side of the leaves, it should be thrown from below upward. This also applies to other species of bark-lice, which are also very common this season. The basswood, the tulip (see my Manual, p. 249), the elm, the hickory, the blue-ash, etc., are all suffering from bark-lice, much like the above, except that the cottony substance is wanting. It is a comforting truth that all these species are often destroyed by their enemies before they entirely kill our trees, though they often do great harm.

The Rev. Chas. E. Piper, formerly of Pittsfield, N. H., but now of Wakefield, R. I., writes: "My wife has been an invalid for years, but Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cured her." N. H. Downes' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir always cures coughs, colds, and consumption when taken in season. Henry & Johnson's America and Oil Liniment for strains, bruises, acute swellings, old sores, etc., is excellent.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE DO NOT CLAIM

that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure everything, but the fact that on the purity and vitality of the blood depend the vigor and health of the whole system, and that disease of various kinds is often only the sign that nature is trying to remove the disturbing cause, was naturally led to the conclusion that a remedy that gives life and vigor to the blood, eradicates scrofula and other impurities from it, as Hood's Sarsaparilla undoubtedly does, must be the means of preventing many diseases that would occur without its use; hence the field of its usefulness is quite an extended one, and we are warranted in recommending it for all derangements of the system which are caused by an unsatisfactory state of the blood.

Why Suffer with Salt-Rheum?

Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Gentlemen—I was a great sufferer from Salt-Rheum on my limbs, for a dozen years previous to the summer of 1876, at which time I was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. The skin would become dry, chapped, cracked, open, bleed and itch intensely, so that I could not help scratching, which of course made them worse. At the time I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla in the summer of 1876 they were so bad that they discharged, and I was obliged to keep them bandaged with linen cloths. The pain was drawn so tight by the heat of the disease that if I stooped over they would crack open and scaldily bring tears into my eyes. The first bottle benefited me so much that I continued taking it till I was cured. I used one box of Hood's Olive Ointment, for the itching. Hoping many others may learn the value of Hood's Sarsaparilla and receive as much benefit as I have, I am,

Very truly yours,

Mrs. S. S. WOODY,

Lowell, Mass., Jan. 15, 1878.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is sold by druggists. Price \$1, or six for \$5.

Prepared by C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, DOGS, HOGS, AND ALL OTHER DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

FOR TWENTY YEARS Humphreys' Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics have been used by Farmers, Stock Raisers, and all who have tried them. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only reliable remedy for all diseases of domestic animals. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only reliable remedy for all diseases of domestic animals.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MED. CO., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

HUMPHREYS' Vital Weakness and Prostration is a radical cure for all cases of Nervous Debility, and is the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the nervous system. It is sold by all druggists, and is the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the nervous system.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MED. CO., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Remittent or Chills Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

PUZZLE.

N. H. DOWNES' FOR COLDS, CONSUMPTION AND COUGHS.

WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SURE THING.

Baldness is only incurable when the hair roots are dead and absorbed, which is a rare condition. In nearly all cases they are simply torpid, and can be stimulated to put forth a new growth of hair by the use of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, the only preparation that cures baldness and restores youthful color to gray hair.

Baldness Cured and Age Rejuvenated.

J. W. HAMMOND, Lake Preston, D. T., when he but 40 years old found his hair growing gray. At 50, his hair and whiskers were entirely white. So they continued until he reached 60 years of age, when he began using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, three bottles of which sufficed to restore their original rich, dark brown color.

Mrs. AUGUST VALENTINE, of Buffalo, N. Y., had become nearly bald, and though she made use of many of the so-called hair restorers, none had any effect. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR did what nothing else could do, and now the lady again has a fine head of hair, thanks entirely to it.

GEO. MAYER, Flatonia, Texas, presented an apparently hopeless case. Baldness was hereditary in his family. By the time he was 23 years old he had scarcely any hair left. One bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR started a soft, downy growth all over his scalp, and in a few months his head was covered with soft, dark and abundant hair.

Medicinal Virtues.

The rare medicinal powers, emollient, stimulative and tonic, possessed by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, enable it to cure speedily Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Tetter-sores, Dandruff, Humors of various kinds, and other diseases of the scalp liable to cause baldness. It is not a dye, contains no coloring matter, and effects its rejuvenating of faded or gray hair simply by bringing back the vigor of youth to the roots and color glands of the hair.

The wife of Dr. V. S. LOVELESS, Locust, Ky., had very bad Tetter Sores on her head. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cured them.

The son of JAMES N. CARTER, Occoquan, Va., was cured of Scald-Head by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

HERBERT BOYD, Minneapolis, Minn., was cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR of intolerable itching of the scalp.

Mrs. O. DAVENPORT, Williamstown, Vt., remained entirely bald at the age of 20 and continued so 28 years, during which time she tried many hair "restorers" without success. Eventually she used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, four bottles of which effected her hair to grow out even more handsomely than before it began to fall.

Mrs. D. N. PARKS, Clio, Michigan, is 67 years of age, and her hair was quite gray, but one bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restored the color it bore in youth, and she now has "a fine head of hair as when she was but 16."

VINCENT JONES, Richmond, Ind., lost all his hair in consequence of a severe attack of brain fever. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR brought out a new growth in a few weeks, and it is steadily growing long and thick.

A Toilet Luxury.

Where the hair is brittle, dry, harsh, weak, or thin, the use of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR speedily renders it pliant, soft, glossy, and stimulates it to a rich and luxuriant growth; it also keeps the scalp free from dandruff, and affords a perfect assurance against the hair falling out or turning gray. No other dressing is so clean or has such a delicate and delightful perfume. Without it the toilet cannot be complete.

Ladies who have once made trial of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR never prefer any other hair-dressing, and many of them voluntarily offer such testimonials as the following, from MISS KATE ROSE, Ipswich, Ont., who writes:

"While keeping my head clear of Dandruff, and preventing Scald Head, it has also caused my hair to grow luxuriantly, resulting in my now possessing hair forty-ye inches long, and as thick as any one could wish it."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., [Analytical Chemists] LOWELL, MASS.

Sold by all Druggists.

IDEAL WIND MILL.

Among the many points of superiority of this Mill over ALL OTHERS, we mention

NO LEVERS, WEIGHTS, PULLEYS, CHAINS OR WIRES.

Thrown in and out of wind by revolving the Pump Rod Adjusted by Pump Rod to Lock Itself In a heavy gale if desired.

HAS A BRAKE which prevents wheel from running when out of the wind. A perfect SELF GOVERNOR and very simple, having but one joint.

THE ONLY MILL using an automatic stop, which enables the wheel to run at a more UNIFORM SPEED in heavy winds.

Poetry.

TAPS.

By E. N. WILCOX, DETROIT, MICH.

[Lines suggested by the dying request of the late Major Kinzie Bates, First Regt., U. S. A., Detroit, Mich., at his burial, there should be no other military ceremony at his burial than the bugle call to put out the lights, "Taps."]

Patriot son! Awake! Arise!
Smother's guns boom o'er the sea,
War's red clouds swirl the skies
In their sulphurous canopy.
To arms!

He tears him from his sire's side—
Muskets shouldered, knapsack slung;
From Manassas' bloody tide,
Corinth! Vicksburg! Fame he wrung.
By arms!

Not by sabre, shot or shell!
Not by mine nor cannon ball!
Not by battery fires of hell!
Not the warrior's fall.
In arms!

Coward foe, disease, he met;
Long the struggle, brave he fell—
By death's clammy fingers wet,
Shrank the cord that rang his knell,
Lights out!

Comrades, bear the noble dead,
Flag he fought for be his pall;
Fire no volleys o'er his head,
Be his dirge the bugle's call.
To taps!

Bagpipes, fearful wail his horn!
He hears not its oft heard sound,
Sweeter music, hush, new born,
Hears from angel trumpet wound,
Reveille!

Ah, from taps to Reveille!
Spirit, stand! The countersign—
Blessed word, Eternity!
Dawns first, then light divine—
Eternity!
—The Great West.

MY SECOND LOVE.

Have a confession to make, my wife;
I have fallen in love again,
And think the young lady returns my love,
Oh, ain't it the worst of men?

Younger than you, this new-found love,
And her cheek is softer, I swear;
Her hair is fairer than threads of gold,
And her feet are the smallest I've seen.

She loves me, I think (though she says not so);
For she smiles when she sees my face,
And often rests in my arms content,
While I hold her in close embrace.

I love her truly as man e'er loved;
I miss her when she's away;
And the smile with which she bids me good-by,
Blesses me through the day.

And now, my precious, confess the truth,
Come! Say you are jealous, do!
Before I tell you my two true loves
Are my baby Belle and you.

—WILL S. PARIS.

OUTER SADNESS.

I find my love against my heart, and know
The deep delight of loving her, yet,
The maddening sweetness when beyond recall,
Her life through mine, my longing spirit drew,
And afterward, heaven opened to my view,
Where she and I with love kept festival,
But with the calm that to love and the fall
Of gentle kisses, soft and sweet as dew,
Came in the March wind's melancholy voice,
A weary wanderer seeking after prey,
And farther off I seemed to catch the noise
Of waves that hiss and thunder while they slay.
A sudden storm seizes me 'mid my joys,
And "Death" was all the word Love found to say.
—Philip Bourke Marston.

Miscellaneous.

SOCIETY FOR THE REPRESSION OF MEN.

Miriam Tracy had waxed wroth over the crimes and misdemeanors she attributed to the masculine part of the human race, and was declaiming about the coarseness, selfishness and brutality of the whole male sex. Her expressions were somewhat forcible and her manner decidedly vehement, though the tone of her voice was rich, soft and melodious.

Miss Tracy was just nineteen, but she considered herself a woman slightly stricken in years and possessing a thorough knowledge of the world, based upon a very wide and varied experience. In appearance she resembled the lady who is said by Cervantes to have been "as tall as a spear and as fresh as an April morning." Perhaps she was not altogether unconscious that she was a very graceful and handsome girl, for how can a woman who is beautiful help knowing it? But she undoubtedly thought a great deal less about her appearance than she did of many other things. Her mind was largely occupied by thoughts of the many grievances and cruelties which exist and flourish in this sinful world, and she was always eager to engage in warfare against tyrants and oppressors, from the cat perambulating street boy to the Sultan or the Czar.

Three of her late school companions sat or reclined around her. They were all pretty, but the intelligence, true earnestness and deep sensibility which made her beauty doubly attractive, were entirely wanting in them.

"I despise them all," said Nellie Adair, taking up the subject in hand with great volubility and energy. "They all think you are in love with them. If you treat them with common politeness, and they go off and talk to other girls about you in a way that I consider perfectly contemptible."

"I think they're dreadfully rude," said Belle Middleton, a lovely blonde with a sympathetic temperament and a vast capacity for being waited on. "They expect you to do all the talking, and when you drop anything they pretend they don't see it. They always take the most comfortable seats, and only half rise when you come in."

"Yes, and then they're so patronizing," said Bessie Trent, who was very petite, and extremely dignified. "Why, the other night at a party, a little creature, with a face like a doll's, actually told me that a thoroughly uneducated man knows more than a lady graduate! Of course, I didn't condescend to answer him."

"It's the miserable slavery of married women that I mind most," said Miriam. "You all remember how bright and cheery

May Stanley used to be at school, and what a lovely disposition she had. Well, last week I saw her at a party, and her husband treated her as I should be ashamed to treat a dog. He didn't speak to her once, and his eyes were following those horrid, showy looking Lyndsay girls all the evening. She took it all as meekly as possible, and when he began drinking champagne she was so nervous and anxious I couldn't bear to look at her. I suppose he doesn't kick her, but there are ways of hurting a woman a great deal more than that would do."

The others gave vent to their feelings by such expressions as "perfectly scandalous!" "horrid wretch!" &c., and all agreed that no woman with any self respect would submit to such treatment.

"I'll tell you what let's do, girls," said Miss Adair. "Let's form a society for the repression of men. We can snub the horrid things whenever we get a chance, and induce other girls to do the same thing. Men ought to be kept down, and if girls would only stand by each other they could soon take some of the self conceit out of them."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Middleton. "It's partly our fault that men don't wait on us more. But, girls, of course, we're not going to stop dancing with them."

"Oh, certainly not! Of course, not!" cried the other three with one voice.

This important exception being noted, all entered into the plan with enthusiasm, and the society was duly organized. Miriam was elected its president, and it was determined that the next meeting should take place early in October, at the house where they then were. On this evening in June Miss Adair's three friends had come to spend the night with her before they separated for the summer, and it was while they were talking over their "first winter out" that they had arrived at such unfavorable conclusions about the other sex. The next morning they bade each other good bye for the warm season and were all soon absorbed in the mysteries of packing.

Miriam and her mother went to a seaside resort, where the summer guests had just begun to assemble. The huge portico of their hotel looked very bare as the stage brought them up to it. Four men sat in a group, puffing out clouds of smoke and staring at the new arrivals. Another man, who was leaning against a pillar, and strange to say, not smoking, looked up lazily with half closed eyes. As he saw Miriam the drooping lids were raised quickly, and he gazed at her for a few moments with a keenness and intensity which she found very disagreeable. "What a very impudent man!" she thought, marching past him full of scorn and indignation.

From her window, soon afterward, she descried three large, flat rocks, on the beach, and she promised herself a delightful time there with her book that afternoon. As soon as the sun began to be low in the west she went there alone, her mother being too tired to accompany her. One of the rocks was a little higher than the others and hid them from her view. She ran up this rock but almost recoiled as she reached its crest. On the other side, reclining at full length, was the man who had inspected her so coolly in the morning. He looked up lazily, his eyes opened swiftly again, and then he directed his gaze towards the sea.

He could hardly be called handsome. He was tall, but not well proportioned or well formed. Yet his features were rather good, and when he threw aside his ordinary listless expression, his dark hazel eyes were very keen and bright.

Miriam walked towards the water, a good deal annoyed and a little amused. "I see this man is to be my *bête noire*," she said to herself. Just then she perceived he had left the rocks and was walking off in the opposite direction. Then she felt a little sorry she had driven him away. "He looked so comfortable," she thought, "I wish I hadn't come while he was there. Still, as he evidently had no intention of returning, she installed herself in the place he had left. For about ten minutes she sat watching the sunset light as it glided and crimsoned the clouds across the waves. Then a quick step near her made her look around, and she saw a colored waiter holding out the little book she had carried in her hand when she left the hotel.

"I've brought you book, Miss," he said with the miraculous grin of the true Ethiopian. "I 'spec' you mus' a' dropped it, Miss."

"O, thank you!" said Miriam, taking the book. "Where did you find it?"

"I 'aint found 'tall, Miss. A gemman done found it up dah on de beach and tole me fo' to bring it to you, Miss."

She was not long in making up her mind that the man she had called her *bête noire* had found the book, seen her name inside, and sent it to her by the waiter. As she was the only young lady who had arrived in the stage, he could easily have found out her name by consulting the register. Her first thought was that he was somewhat officious; but she immediately felt ashamed of thinking so, and acknowledged that it was kindly meant and properly done.

On the following day, as she was walking on the beach, she saw a woman beside a child's carriage, in which was a little girl about four years old. Coming nearer, she found that the child was withered and wasted by disease. Its face seemed preternaturally old, and in its sunken eyes there was a look like the shadow of death. Her heart ached as she looked at that little, patient, white face, with traces of pain in every line, and the sad, quiet eyes, which told such a piteous story of tortured babyhood. She went up to the little girl and tried to speak to her. But her voice broke down and the tears came and blinded her, and she was forced to give up the attempt. The child looked at her for an instant and then turned away its face.

"Speak to the lady, Katie," said the nurse.

"Oh, no! don't worry her, please," said Miriam.

Feeling sure she could not attract or interest the little girl, she was going away, when she saw her face suddenly light up in a way she would not have believed possible. Panting with excitement, she

leaned forward, stretched out her little thin hands, and with a faint, quivering voice, cried, "Oh, Dallyn! Dallyn!"

Miriam looked around to see who had wrought such a change. It was her *bête noire*!

Nothing could, before that moment, have made her believe that a man's face could look as his did then. She had never seen even a woman's expression show more gentleness and tenderness. And yet his infinite pity was so well cloaked by a quiet brightness and cheerfulness that it could not repel its object as hers had done.

He was leaning against a pier about four yards away, smiling and kissing his hand at Katie, but showing no intention of coming nearer. Divining that her presence kept him away, Miriam continued her walk. She soon returned to the hotel, feeling humbler than she had ever done before. For years she had ardently longed to be like Florence Nightingale, and now, when just such an opportunity as she hoped for had come to her, she had been helpless, while a "coarse, brutal and selfish" man had done what it was her highest ambition to achieve. Her invectives against man began to seem very unjust, and she hated injustice more than anything else. She tried to read, but the German poetry had no charms for her that day, and her thoughts kept wandering away. At last she went and laid her head down on her mother's shoulder, half laughing, and yet hardly able to keep back the rising tears.

"Mamma, I'm afraid I'm a very foolish girl," she said. "Won't you please tell me when I do anything very silly?"

Her mother understood that she had somehow bruised her wings in one of her early venturesome flights from the maternal nest, and had come back to be comforted. She refrained from asking her any questions, but did what her instinct told her would be best, and in a little while Miriam was a great deal less despondent.

The next morning Mrs. Tracy received a letter which amused and troubled her at the same time.

"It's from Aunt Griselda, Miriam," said she, "and I'm sorry to say she's coming here this afternoon. She says that as we may never be so near Sineasket again in her lifetime, she must run down and see us."

"I wish all the dear old lady's cats had become seriously unwell before she conceived that idea," said Miriam. "But, after all, she is a dear old thing, and I've had many a good time in her wonderful old house; so I suppose we may as well make up our minds to take the visitation as gracefully as we can."

Miss Griselda Tracy was an ancient lady whose boundless kindness of heart was accompanied by some errors of the understanding. She was persuaded that all strangers of the opposite sex, and especially all common carriers, were leagued in a conspiracy to maltreat and defraud her. Recalling this peculiarity, and remembering her own declaration of war against men, Miriam felt the blood rush to her cheeks, and then laughed as she wondered whether she would develop into a second Aunt Griselda. She was beginning to think of the Society for the Repression of Men with something like shame.

That afternoon the stage brought the old lady, with all her handboxes, bundles, baskets, dried herbs and umbrellas, as well as a canary in its cage, and a specially beloved Angora cat, entitled Maximilian, which last treasure she carried in her arms. When she and her paraphernalia had been safely transported to her room, she entertained her relatives with an account of her perils and tribulations during the journey of seven miles.

"But the worst of it all was the depot here," she said. "My constant vigilance and Maximilian's own good sense had kept that ruffianly conductor from stealing him in the cars; but when I discovered that the stage driver and baggage-master were evidently his confederates, I was in despair. I believe they would have succeeded if it hadn't been for a gentleman who was standing on the platform. I suppose he was struck with my appearance, for he very politely offered to carry my things, helped me into the stage, and saw that the driver attended to my baggage, and this left me at liberty to keep guard over Maximilian. I made this gentleman give me his card. Mr. Dolleyman, his name is—a perfect gentleman, my dears, and a remarkably handsome man. I shall certainly introduce him to you, Miriam, if we see him here."

"Oh, no, Auntie," said Miriam, "please don't do that! Perhaps Mr. Dolleyman would rather not know me."

"Nonsense!" replied Miss Griselda, with a jolly chuckle. "You know you don't really think he would object."

With the prospect of a forcible introduction before her, Miriam tried to conceive what her aunt's new friend was like. The statement that he was handsome went for nothing, for she knew that Miss Griselda's ideas of many beauty were somewhat peculiar. "I suppose he's a fat, elderly person," she thought. "Anyhow, he must be good natured; so he can hardly be very objectionable."

Just then her aunt, who was walking about the room arranging her property to suit herself, exclaimed: "Why, there's Mr. Dolleyman now, out there in that little shed! Heavens and earth! what does he want with all those children around him? Why, they'll smother the man! Well, did anybody ever see the like?"

Miriam looked out of the window, and in a small pavilion behind the hotel she saw a man lounging on a bench, with five little girls crowding around him and listening intently to what he was saying to them. One glance showed her that Mr. Dolleyman and her quondam *bête noire* was the same person.

"Well, if that isn't the funniest thing!" continued Miss Griselda. "Why, I thought men always hated to have children fussing around them like that! Wouldn't he be a good man to have in our mission school, now? I wonder whether he'd like to come up to Sineasket and settle? Think he would, Lonias?"

"I'm afraid not," said Mrs. Tracy.

"Auntie," said Miriam, "will you let me look at Mr. Dolleyman's card, please?"

"Yes, Rosebud, if I can find it," said the old lady. "It's amongst my things some where. Oh, here it is!" She drew the card out of her lunch-basket and handed it to her.

It was a small piece of pasteboard on which it was engraved, in very plain letters, "Frederick Dalmaine." Miriam returned it, without attempting to correct her aunt's notions about the name, as she knew that such an undertaking would be a mere waste of time. It would be equally useless, she was sure, to try to convince her that the gentleman would probably ask for an introduction if he wanted one, but she determined to avoid it being forced upon him if she could effect that object by constant watchfulness.

During the next three days she had a good deal of trouble in carrying out this determination. Once, when she was on the portico with her aunt, Dalmaine came by, and Miss Griselda cried out: "Oh, Mr. Dolleyman, wait a minute! Miriam—"

But Miriam had fled at the first word, and was now embracing a baby about thirty feet away, and was vowing that she would never let herself come so near being caught again.

The company at the hotel had been increasing very fast, and in the evening the ball room was already well filled. Miriam found herself a decided belle, and as she was extremely fond of round dancing, she had a very agreeable time. She often saw Dalmaine looking at the dancers, but he never danced himself. She soon noticed that he was very apt to be near her when she was in the ball-room, and though she avoided looking in his direction, she was conscious that his eyes very often followed her.

Late one evening when she had declined taking part in a square dance, and was sitting with her mother and aunt, she saw him making his way toward them through the surrounding wall flowers, who, as is usual at such places, far outnumbered the active performers. His intention was so evident that there was no necessity for flight, and the presentation took place. He talked to the older ladies for a few minutes and then, turning to Miriam, said:

"You seem to be very fond of dancing, Miss Tracy?"

"Yes," she answered. "There's hardly anything I enjoy more. Do you dance?"

"Not when I can help it," he said smiling. "I dance so exuberantly that I'm ashamed to inflict myself on a partner. But I like to see others do it. I hope you are going to dance again this evening."

"Why?"

"Because I like to watch you."

"He's not diffident," thought Miriam.

Yet there was nothing to indicate that he meant to be familiar, and she felt that he was perfectly sincere. Just then her partner for the next waltz came to claim her, and when she returned to her seat it was time to retire.

"What an agreeable and gentlemanlike man Mr. Dalmaine is!" said Mrs. Tracy, as they went to their rooms.

"Do you think so?" said Miriam.

"Yes. Don't you?"

"Well, I know him so slightly that I can hardly say what I think about him."

A month passed, and though Miriam saw Dalmaine very often during that time, she had never exchanged more than a few words with him on any one occasion. He often talked to her mother and aunt in the ball-room, and had been seen twice to them in a great many unobtrusive ways. Two or three times his tact and ingenuity had prevented Miss Griselda's making herself ridiculous and her relations miserable; and indeed, when Miriam began to congratulate herself on the unlooked for conventionality of her aunt's behavior, it suddenly occurred to her that the largest part of the credit for this was due to him. His influence had been exerted so quietly that she had not seen how systematic it was until she looked back and viewed it all once.

The height of the season was over, and the company at the hotel had begun to thin out. Miss Griselda had returned to Sineasket, and Dalmaine had accompanied her thither, returning next day. Miriam had grown tired of the life she was leading, and even the dancing began to lose its charm for her, especially as very few of the men danced with could do anything else respectably.

She knew Dalmaine very little better than at first, although she had been hearing his praises sounded by people—chiefly children, old ladies and servants. He interested her as no one else had done, but as he had shown no disposition to become better acquainted, her pride made her rather avoid him.

One morning, however, as she was sitting in her favorite place on the rocks, he came up and took a seat at her side.

"Mrs. Tracy tells me you are going to the mountains," he said, "Shall you be glad to go?"

"I can hardly tell," she replied. "I suppose our enjoyment of public places depends chiefly on our surroundings and the people we meet."

"And on ourselves too," said he. "I remember being here for the first time when I was eight years old. I thought Robinson Crusoe's Island was just beyond the horizon there, or, at least, felt as if it were. My little sister was with me then, and I'm sure she believed the cloud banks over the sea line were the borders of Fairyland."

He looked at the masses of silvery cloud which seemed to be resting on the water, and then half to himself, repeated the end of one of Heine's poems:

"Vorbei ist die Kinderspiele,
Und Alles rollt vorbei;
Das Geld, und die Welt, und die Zeiten,
Und Glauben und Liebe und Treue."

The tone of his voice, more than what he said, impressed her with a sense of his deep regret for the death of his boyish faith and earnestness.

"Have you lost faith in everything?" she asked.

"Very nearly, I'm afraid. But you haven't lost much of yours. It's easy to see that in everything you do—even in your dancing. You do everything in a way which shows that you believe in it. I think you would have made a good crusader."

"I'm beginning to think I have too much faith in myself and hardly enough in other people," said Miriam.

"You'll get over that when you are a little older," he replied. "It's a stage that people with your sanguine temperament and strong feelings always have to go through. I believe you will always be more or less of a fanatic, but time will bring your enthusiasm within reasonable bounds. If I were more of a fanatic myself, I should be a very much more useful member of society than I am. But I can't help looking at both sides so evenly that I fail to get a clear view of either—or, at least, to distinguish one plainly from the other and determine which is right and which wrong. One reason why I'm so fond of children is that their freshness of feeling and their unhesitating faith make me forget that nearly everything in the world can be argued away in uncertainty."

"You are an agnostic, I suppose?" said Miriam.

"Yes, about almost everything," he answered.

"But I have a little faith left, and I cling to that like a drowning man to a straw." As Miriam pondered over what he had said it began to dawn on her mind that perhaps a man were less in need of "keeping down" than of raising up. She was very sorry for him and longed to help him, but for the first time within her memory, she felt her own weakness and looked forward to a possibility of a failure.

Her reverie was interrupted by the sudden advent of a little girl, who came running up to them and instantly enfolded Dalmaine in a close embrace.

"Oh, here you are!" she cried. "I've been looking for you everywhere. I don't like children and there isn't a big dog in the place."

Dalmaine drew the child down beside him, saying to Miriam:

"This is Miss Bessie Thornton, one of my most intimate friends."

Miss Thornton suddenly sat very erect and looked steadfastly at Miriam. After a slight pause she said:

"What's that lady's name?"

"Miss Tracy," said Dalmaine.

"But what's her first name?"

A peculiar expression came over the man's face, and he said, quickly:

"Bessie, look at that big fish out there in the water." There goes another, just behind it. They're porpoises. Don't they look like hogs?"

"Yes, I know," said Bessie. "You told me about the porpoises yesterday."

Then she got up and stood in front of Miriam, gazing at her with solemn intensity.

"Is your name My-ry-am?" she asked.

"Yes, Miriam is my name," said the lady, with a vague apprehension that something startling was going to happen.

"That's what he's always writing in the sand with his cane," said Bessie. "Are you his sweetheart?"

Before Miriam could frame any answer Dalmaine said, in a slightly lowered tone, but very calmly:

"No, Bessie, she's not my sweet sweetheart, but I should be a very happy man if she would let me be something more than that."

He turned his face towards Miriam and said: "Will you?"

For a few moments they looked at each other in silence. Then Miriam quietly answered, "Yes."

Bessie glanced from one to the other, perfectly comprehending what had happened. Well aware that they were now unconscious of her presence, she turned away and said to herself, though aloud:

"Well, I suppose I'll have to try to find a nice dog."

"Come back, Bessie!" cried Miriam, laughing, yet with a little quiver in her voice. But Bessie walked stolidly away.

Four days afterward she might have been seen playing on the beach with a huge Newfoundland, both of them nearly wild with excitement, and on the dog's collar was inscribed, "Miss Bessie Thornton. From Miriam."

On the appointed day in October Miriam went to the house where the Society for the Repression of Men was to hold its second meeting, and she found Misses Adair and Trent waiting for her. She noticed immediately that both of them looked nervous and uncomfortable and that their manner was singularly constrained.

"Girls, she said when their greetings were over, 'I'm going to leave the Society. The fact is, I'm engaged.'"

The look of relief which instantly appeared on the faces of both her companions gave her a good deal of surprise.

"I am, too," said one of them.

"And so am I," immediately added the other.

The rapid interchange of questions and answers made them forget everything else for some time. But at last Miss Adair said:

"Oh, Miriam, here's a letter for you, with Belle's monogram on it. It came this morning. Let us hear what she says."

Miriam opened the letter and read what follows:

DEAR GIRLS:—I shall have to leave the Society now, as I'm engaged. Reginald is so impatient that I've been obliged to consent to our being married next month, and as we are going abroad immediately afterwards, I haven't a minute to spare for anything but preparations. But I intend to 'repress' him systematically, and I hope that when you are married you will all do the same thing.

—[Baltimore American.]

Lion Tamers' Romances.

The first traveling menagerie was that of Wombwell, whose name was a household word in Europe for a half century or more. This man was originally a cobbler, who began his showman's career by exhibiting a large snake which he had purchased. He formed his menagerie about 1805. Its success brought two other notable collections into the field during the next ten years, those of Atkins and Ballard, and in time several others.

When Ballard's caravan was near Salisbury in October, 1816, a lioness escaped from her cage. A not unusual occurrence in this menagerie history, but this particular beast rendered herself immortal by attacking the Exeter mail coach. This coach had stopped at an inn near by to deliver its bag of letters, when the lioness sprang upon one of the leaders. The horses all plunged violently, and as it was

after dark the terror and confusion that followed was tremendous. When lamps had been brought and the nature of the attacking animal was perceived, this terror was not lessened. Dogs were set upon the lioness, which left the horses to fight them, and, after killing several, took refuge under a granary, whence she was coaxed without difficulty when her keeper came, and restored to her cage. A picture representing the thrilling incident is still to be seen at the inn before which it occurred, known as Winterslow Hut, seven miles from the city of Salisbury.

Wombwell had two famous lions, known as Nero and Wallace. Nero was much the oldest, and as amicable and tame as any dog could be. In July, 1825, a bet between two sporting gentlemen concerning the fighting qualities of old Nero caused Wombwell to advertise a fight between this lion and six bull dogs, who were to attack the "king of beasts" in heats of three. The show "look," and though the price of admission ranged from one to five guineas, every seat in the menagerie was taken, and hundreds could not gain admission. But it proved a perfect "sell" because of the amiability of the lion. Sometimes he would roll a dog over and scratch him a little, and then the dogs would rush at him as though they would make him fight, but it was no use, and at last the patience of the audience was worn out, and they went off in disgust. The excuse Mr. Wombwell made was, "We can't make them fight, can we, if they won't?" but there was such a general feeling of indignation over the matter that the manager arranged a second encounter, in which the young lion, Wallace, was substituted for the old one. The results were quite different. Every dog that faced the lion was killed or terribly mangled, the last being carried about in Wallace's mouth as a rat by a terrier, and literally shaken to death.

Wombwell brought forward the first professional lion-tamer on record, who was known as "Manchester Jack." This man's performances antedated those of Van Amburgh by but a few years, and there is no doubt that some of his best tricks were copied from those of the latter. There was naturally much rivalry between the two lion kings when Van Amburgh brought to England in 1838, and the assertion has been made that Jack dared the other to a trial of skill and courage with his beasts at Southampton, and that the contest did not come off, owing to Van Amburgh's showing the white feather. But the story is quite improbable, for the daring of the latter performer has never been surpassed.

Lion-tamers are usually killed a dozen times or more by rumor during their careers, and yet, after all, they die in their beds in about the same proportion as other men. For instance, Manchester Jack was reported by the newspapers as having come to his end in various ways, once after the following unenviable fashion

THE HAPPY OLD BACHELOR.

I'm a bachelor still, I have loved very ill
In the hands of the ladies I've met,
But my heart is so kind that I've met
Their treatment to try and forget.
For 'tis only to be an old fellow like me,
With none but myself to delight;
With no one to scold if I catch a cold
By staying out late in the night.
I was very fond of a beautiful blonde,
Who was seven years older than I,
I tried to propose, but she turned up her nose,
And said I was old and I was not.
She said I was old, I was only a child,
My age with her laughter she drowned,
And at only sixteen I was crushed like a bean
When it goes through a mill to be ground.
The next girl I met was a charming brunette,
Who loved me, she said, more than life,
But my wages were low, and I had to say "No!"
When she asked me to make her my wife.
She married a shoe-dealer, rich as a Jew;
All the comforts of life she enjoys,
She is one of the "lites" who declare "women's
rights,"
And the mother of seven bad boys.
My next love affair with a girl with red hair
Was a serious matter to me.
I asked her to wed me she solemnly said
"I've promised another to be."
Each word like a dart pierced my passionate
heart,
Alas! future looked cloudy and dim;
She married her choice, and I live to rejoice—
(her keeper is tested on him).
My friendship one day in a platonic way
With a pretty young widow began.
She dazzled my eyes and I thought her a prize—
Till she married a mortal man.
But 'tis only to be an old fellow like me,
With none but myself to delight;
With no one to scold if I catch a cold
By staying out late in the night.
—Eugene J. Hall.

California Journalism.

There was no community which gave
so liberal a support to a good newspaper
as the people of San Francisco during the
first years of their history, and none de-
manded more of an editor. A strong in-
stance was furnished by perhaps the ablest
editor this State has ever seen—James
King, of William, the founder of the San
Francisco Bulletin. He had the courage
of his opinions at a time when the expres-
sion of any opinion hostile to the ruling
class exposed an editor to a violent death.
From the outset King made war on the
strong clique of gamblers and cut-throats
which had taken possession of the politi-
cal machinery in the city. They openly
defied his attacks; judges were their
creatures; they were practically omnipotent
until this man appeared and gave a
voice to the growing feeling of resent-
ment against such outrages on law and
justice. An ex-convict named Casey, who
had served a term in Sing Sing, was run-
ning for office as the candidate of the
gamblers. He was a notorious bully, a
man utterly unfit for any office of public
trust. King exposed his record and warn-
ed all good citizens not to vote for him.
The result was that the editor was way-
laid in the street and shot down by Casey
before he had an opportunity to draw a
weapon in self-defense. A vigilance com-
mittee hanged Casey on the day and at the
hour of King's funeral.
Many friends of Casey declared that the
execution was a high-handed bit of violence.
Among the newspapers then pub-
lished in the city was the Herald, started
by John Nugent, a man who had had
journalistic training in New York, but
who was destitute of any strong convictions
or keen sense of public opinion.
Naturally the newspapers were expected
to take sides on this matter. Nugent
sought safety in a multitude of counsellors
of the political class, and his paper came
out on the morning after the hanging with
a "leader" denouncing the strong-arm
action of the vigilance committee,
as a lawless usurpation of the province
of the courts. Among other local
journals was the Alta, a small and strug-
gling aspirant for popular favor. This
came out on the eventful morning with an
editorial praising the work of the vigilance
committee and declaring it should
receive the support of all reputable citi-
zens. The Herald on the day after the
hanging was a large blank sheet, with
an entire page devoted to the advertise-
ment of auctioneers—an indispensable
guide to the merchant and a source of
great profit to the newspaper. The Alta
was a wretched little sheet, scarcely larger
than an old-fashioned pane of glass. The
following day saw the position of two
papers reversed. All the auctioneers, as
well as other business men, transferred
their patronage in a body to the paper
which championed the cause of law and
order, and Nugent's journal fell in three
days from the position of the leading
newspaper on the coast to that of a paper
which no one would buy.
And here comes in a bit of the unwritten
history of the time which shows that
law, rather than any strong convictions,
was the cause of the Alta's unexampled
prosperity. The night of the Casey hang-
ing was one of great excitement in the
Alta office. A council of the proprietors
and editors was held, and the proof-sheets
of two editorials—one strongly approving
the vigilance committee, the other strong-
ly denouncing it—were submitted. It was
the decision of the majority that the lat-
ter should be printed, and an order to this
effect was given to the foreman. The two
editorials had similar heads, and in the
hurry of making up the paper the foreman
lifted the wrong article into the form and
the mistake was not detected until the
paper was in the hands of the public. The
readers rushed down to the office prepared
to be met by a storm of indignation, but
were amazed to find that the rejected
article had made a hit and that they were
on the flood-tide to fortune.—San Fran-
cisco Letter.

The New Shoddy Proprietors.

Many rich store keepers, tradesmen,
English and Hebrew, in London, are buy-
ing up numbers of small farms in the west
of England simply to give them social
position. It is only the land owner in
England who is looked up to socially.
These tradesmen are hated as badly by the
old owners as the carpet baggers in the
south. But they care nothing for local
prejudice as long as they can boast in
London of their landed possessions in
Bretter. The English squire only reverses
the hereditary lord. He hates the new
owner. The other day in Lexington a
wealthy Hebrew went into the old fish
market, which has been kept for four

generations by the same family. This
fishmonger would have fallen on his knees
if Lord Warwick had come into his shop,
but with the rich Hebrew it was different.
The rich Hebrew came in with his fingers
covered with diamonds and three large
chandelier diamonds sparkled in his soiled
shirt front, and said:
"I say, fish man, I want a score of dem
oysters."
"They ben't for sale, sir," said the fish-
monger scornfully.
"Does you zink I can't pay for dem
oysters? See here (pointing dramatically
to one of the big diamonds in his shirt
front), one of dese sthones would pay all
your fresh, oysters, and your whole
shop."
"If I had them bloody things d'ou
know what I'd do with them?" asked the
fishmonger.
"Why, Holy Moses, you'd sell 'em,
wouldn't you?"
"No, my friend, I'd treat the blasted
buttons to a clean shirt once a week, and
give 'em a holiday on Sunday."

A Denial that Woman Loves Nature.

As a rule I have found that women do
not care for nature.
Their sentiment does not take to the ex-
ternal world. We have no Cowpers or
Thomsons among the female poets. At
the best their descriptions of natural
scenery are without that delicious and
subtle feticism that characterizes the
man.

He is always more or less in love with
outdoors, and when he isn't we call him
effeminate.
It has often amused me to see the re-
tired merchant, lawyer and literary man
trying to renew the joys of his youth in the
country, and the women of his household
putting up with it as if it were an amiable
weakness, like his love for brandy and
water at dinner.

He gets enthusiastic over the outlook
and the vista, he raves about the glimpses
of water between the trees, he grows elo-
quent over the rustic d-lights, the isola-
tion, the calm and balm and oxygen.
They listen and acquiesce and look at each
other out of the corners of their eyes and
say to themselves: "They all come to this
sooner or later, and they must be
humored."

But the fact is men never come to it. It
is born in them. It is the undying herit-
age of their nomadic barbarism.
If you have ever been out of field with an
artist you must have noticed with what
reckless juvenility he threw himself into
nature's arms. He was at home with the
old trees; the rocks knew his voice and
answered him joyfully; the streams leapt
for him, and the coverts held out their
dusky hands to him. In a little while he
had taken you back to Hellas itself, and
the wild wood was populous with his
creative tone and the airy children of his
fancy had turned nature into a sweet
articulate poem.

You must have noticed, too, what a
mysterious benignity came into the ele-
ments when he approached them. The
storms weth without hurting him. The
very miasma of the fens was dissipated
when he threw down his fir branches and
went fast to sleep over the wet earth. How
he apostrophized the boles of the old
trees and got harmless elfin music out of
the bob-o-link and phoebe bird perched
closer when he was around and had some-
thing to say that nobody but he could un-
derstand. And so, recalling to you Francis
of Assisi, Aristophanes and Thoreau, this
penitence god made glad and merry out of
his loving imagination the desert stretches
of the earth and called back the naiads
and nereids—those haunting spectres of a
golden youth—to give their phantom
beauty to the wilderness.

I never found a woman, artist or poet,
who got as close to nature as this. She is
always a little afraid of the lusty dalliance
of outdoors. Perhaps it is because, being
more spiritual, she has a fine contempt for
the materialism of existence. Perhaps it
is because, being passive and receptive,
she cannot conquer nature with a coercive
and masterful affection.

At all events, she does not people her
woods with satyrs—she never gets any
further than tramps. If she is an artist,
she always takes a feather brush with her
to dust off the rocks and everglades. If
she is a poet, she dreams of lawn parties
and flirtations even on Olympus.

But as every man carries in his breast a
Nereid that he is always trying to realize,
and always at some time in his life writes
the story of Paul and Virginia to himself,
so women get to unconsciously humor
him and make a pretence of loving nature
for the sake of peace.

This will in part explain the awful
fraud that goes on every summer and is
just now commencing. Men are all striv-
ing to get their women into the country,
and the women, young and old, are all
pretending to be mad to get there.
Delightful deceivers! They abhor the
country. The only nature they care for is
human nature.

In another week or two they will be
packed off. And the fathers and brothers
and husbands and lovers in Wall street
and West street will be contented by
picturing them running wild in the com-
munion with nature, basking in the sun,
getting up with the cock crow, drinking
sweet milk, going to bed early, drunken
with oxygen and worn out with healthy
exercise. And these baggages will be
sitting in full dress on a veranda with
their parasols open, dreaming only of
when the train or boat will arrive and
bring them home.

And when the men arrive the charming
creatures all begin to babble about the
sunrise and the dew. You'd think they
had been there that they were all Daphnes
and had been romping all day over the
mountains, plunging into cool streams
and wiping their white hands on the
birch leaves. Estimable liars! They have
been lying on their backs reading the
Seaside Library, and the sweet milk
from the dairy came up on a tray and had
a metropolitan smell of Santa Cruz rum
about it.

There are no Daphnes. You may get
her up in a Watteau hat and a sylphide
lawn dress, but she must have high heels
and a place to promenade. If you find
an Arcadia for her she will cry out:

"What a place for lawn tennis! Let's in-
vite a gang."

If you could buy a spritz in the market
for your summer she would have to have
to have a dog-cart to exhibit her baby
waist in.
So poets, artists, dreamers, lovers fly to
their own imagination when the season
comes on. They make the women of
their dreams out of their own fancies. They
go off on stag parties for trout, for bass,
for a long cruise through the coast
rollers, and they perceive in the sea fogs
and the mountain glooms the girl with
the "mooning eyes" dodging them like
an ignis fatuus.

So they paint her, they write about
her, they carve her, but when she plants
herself on the hotel veranda say, "Oh,
no; your corsets are too tight; your shoes
are pinched; your lungs are only half in
flated, and your fan's too big. Nature
intended you to flirt; not to romp. If I
were to put you on my altar you'd fall
and break your neck at the first clasp of
thunder."

I think Abelard, if he is around,
will have to put an advertisement in the
papers: Wanted, a summer Heloise who
loves nature, and whom nature loves. She
must have a good appetite and no parasol.
To such an one a permanent engagement
is offered.—Nym Oryskale in New York
World.

What is Man?

Man that is born of woman is small pot-
atoes and few in the hill.
He riseth up today and flourisheth like
a rag weed, and tomorrow or the day
after the undertaker has him in the ice
box.

He goeth forth in the morning warbling
like a lark, and is knocked out in one
round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and
the tax collector pursueth him wherever
he goeth.

The banister of life is full of splinters,
and he slitheth down it with considerable
rapidity.

He walketh forth in the bright sunlight
to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank
teller with a slight draft for \$357.

He cometh home at eventide and meet-
eth the wheelbarrow in his path, and the
wheelbarrow riseth up and smiteth him
to the earth, and falleth upon him and
runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle spring time he putteth
on his summer clothes, and a blizzard
strieth him far away from home, and
filleth him with woe and rheumatism.

He layeth up riches in the bank, and
the president speculateth in margins and
then goeth to Canada for his health.

In the autumn he putteth on his winter
trousers, and a wasp that abideth in them
filleth him full of intense excitement.

He starteth down cellar with an olean-
der, and goeth first hastily, and the olean-
der cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He sitteth up all night to get the re-
turns from Ohio, and in the end learneth
that the other fellows have carried it.
He buyeth a watch-dog, and when he
cometh home late from the lodge the
watch-dog treeth him and slitheth beneath
him until roys morn.

He goeth to the horse-race and betteth
his money on the brown mare, and the
bay gelding with the blaze face winneth.
He marrieth a red-haired heiress with a
wart on her nose, and the next day her
paternal ancestor goeth under, with few
assets and great liabilities, and cometh
home to live with his beloved son-in-law.
—Puck.

The Language of Umbrellas.
There is a language of umbrellas as
of flowers. For instance, place your um-
brella in a rack, and it will indicate that
it is about to change owners. To open it
quickly in the street means that some-
body's eye is going to be put out; to shut
it, that a hat is to be knocked off. An
umbrella carried over a woman, the man
getting nothing but the drippings of the
rain, signifies courtship. When the man
has the umbrella and the woman the drip-
pings, it indicates marriage. To punch
an umbrella into a person and then open
it means "I dislike you." To swing your
umbrella over your head signifies "I am
making a nuisance of myself." To trail
your umbrella along the foot-path means
that the man behind you is thirsting for
your blood. To carry it at right angles
under your arm signifies that an eye is to
be lost by the man who follows you. To
open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will
frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton um-
brella by the side of a nice silk one signi-
fies "exchange is no robbery." To pur-
chase an umbrella means, "I am not
smart but honest." To lend an umbrella
indicates "I am a fool." To return an
umbrella means—never mind what it
means; nobody ever does that. To turn
an umbrella in a gust of wind presages
profanity. To carry an umbrella in a
case signifies that it is a shabby one. To
carry an open umbrella just high enough
to tear out men's eyes and knock off
men's hats signifies "I am a woman." To
press an umbrella on your friend, saying,
"Oh, do take it; I had much rather you
would than not," signifies lying. To give
a friend half of your umbrella means that
both of you will get wet. To carry it
from home in the morning means, "It
will clear off."

THE CHURCH OF FATE.—There are some
people whose sad fate is always to be driven
to assuming an attitude of self-defence by the
natural perversity of circumstances. To that
unhappy class belonged the gentleman of Vir-
ginia City, who professed his last hostility
(the victim had wretchedly refused an invita-
tion to drink) with the pathetic exclamation:
"Great Scott! must I kill a man every time I
come to Carson!"

A GUEST ENTERED hurriedly surprises a man
and wife flushed, indignant and dishevelled.
"What's the matter?" he asks.
Husband (triumphantly): "We are settling
as to who is boss!"
Guest: "Have you settled it?"
Wife (victoriously): "We have!"
Guest: "Which is it?"
Both: "Me!"

"Look here, waiter!" called a feeder at a
city restaurant. "Look at the hair I found in
this turtle soup!"
"Yes, I see. You have heard of that fam-
ous race between the turtle and the hare?"
"Yes. What of it?"
"Why, in this case the hair and turtle came
in even."

A writer in a scientific journal says a "black
eye" is simply "a severe contusion of the
integuments under the orbit, with great ex-
travasation of blood, and ecchymosis in the sur-
rounding cellular tissue, which is in a tunnel-
ed state." And here all this while we have
supposed that a "black eye" was simply the
result of a little man calling a big man a
liar!

Mrs. FLINTABOUT has learned to take things
philosophically. When she was told of a let-
ter, full of love, that her recent spouse had
written to a strange, fair one, she said: "La!
he used to write just such letters to me be-
fore we were married. He doesn't care anything
about her."

"A man who is so mean as to thus see a
widow woman ought to be kicked to death by
a jackass," said the attorney, "and I wish the
court would appoint me to do it."

VARIETIES.

A HACKMAN yesterday walked into an hotel
and to a guest who was reading a paper,
and holding out a silver dollar on his palm, he
said:

"When I drove you up here this morning
you made a mistake and gave me half a dollar
too much. Here is your dollar. I want only
my regular fee."

The man took the coin and hand out a fifty-
cent piece without speaking a word. His con-
duct nettled another guest, who followed the
hackman out and remarked:

"My man, that was an honest action on your
part."

"Well, yes; but you see the dollar he gave
me was a base counterfeit."

ARABELLA—How kind it was of you to print
such a nice notice of my wedding. I told you,
didn't I, that I made my wedding cake my-
self!

Editor—Yes; but it was unnecessary. I
knew at once that it was made by your fair
hands.

ARABELLA—Then the piece I sent you arrived
safely. Did you take it home and dream over
it?

Editor—Well, no. You see I need it in the
office.

ARABELLA—Why, what for?

Editor—It makes a lovely paper weight.

MANDEL—"I do think strawberries are just
the neatest things."

Edith—"Why, how you talk. Strawberries
are delicious."

"Oh, I was not referring to the flavor. I
mean they are so expiring."

"In what way?"

"Why, early in the season, when it is con-
sidered the height of fashion to have them on
the table, they are so horribly hard and sour
that nobody can eat them."

"Yes, but—"

"And then when the berries do become real
and good they get so cheap that there is no
style in having them."

LAST Sunday one of the pastors of the little
village of Pownal, Vt., was walking to church,
when he saw a man, with his coat off, digging
in his garden. The good man beheld this with
grief and astonishment, and, coming up to the
fence, began to recite in a solemn voice:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
Six days thou shalt labor and do all thy work."

"See here," said the man in the garden,
looking up, "he's talking to me!"

"Yes, my poor man, I am."

"Wal, you needn't worry about me, then. I
ain't goin' to do any work; I'm only diggin'
wells to get a fishin' hook."

"How many of your parents, children, say
grace?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"Please, mum, what's them?" asked an
overgrown girl, in a last year's hat.

"Why Maggie?" exclaimed the teacher, "is
it possible you don't know what grace is?
Doesn't your father say something before you
begin to eat?"

"Oh!" responded the girl with a glow of in-
telligence, "yes, mum, he does. He always
says: 'Don't make hogs of yourselves; that's
all the better there is in the house!'"

DUMBLEY came into the dining-room, and,
casting a sweeping glance over the table, jam-
med down into his chair and muttered under
his breath:

"Liver again, of course. We've had liver
every morning for two weeks."

"What's the matter, Mr. Dumbley?" asked
the landlady; "aren't you feeling well this
morning?"

"No, madam, he replied, shortly, "I am
suffering with liver complaint."

"MAMMA," said a little girl, "do the wicked
people go to the bad place?"

"Yes, dear."

"And all the good people go to Heaven?"

"Yes."

"Ain't some people wickeder than other
people?"

"Yes, I suppose there are."

"Well, I think the people who are not so
very, very wicked ought to go to the bad place
only in winter time."

A GENTLEMAN who was going to take his
family to see a dramatic performance was sur-
prised to see his wife packing a large trunk and
filling two large baskets with eatables just be-
fore starting.

"What on earth are you doing that for," in-
quired the husband.

"Victor," "conquer," it carries off the prize at
Victor over the attacks of those terrible maldies,
and Conqueror of the frightful agonies their vic-
tims have endured. Not a mere temporary relief,
but a permanent, enduring, and triumphant cure.

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Chaff.

Off for the summer—Flannels.

Butter is so cheap that the poorest people
can make a spread with it.

A counter-irritant—The woman who offers
10 cents a yard for 40 cent goods.

Why is a defeated candidate like the earth?
Because he is flattened at the polls.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand
that can't stone a hen with any success.

There is a strawburing season in Septem-
ber—for the man who can afford to buy a new
hat.

The young lady from Vassar does not speak
of a clammy sweat, but a bivular transpira-
tion.

And he kicked you into the street—weren't
you mad?" "No, not mad, but I did feel put
out."

How does Pat propose to get over single
blessedness? Why, propose to Bridge-it, of
course.

An instance where "it is better to give than
to receive." When a man kicks a book agent
out of doors.

It is said that the Shah of Persia has a \$400,-
000 pipe. Must have had considerable plum-
bing done on it.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," is all very
well; but if the sluggard will go to a picnic,
the ant will come to him.

A Vassar girl has a particular hobby for
stockings. She owns no less than 83 pair. Her
name ought to be Hoseanna.

A man has just been hung out west for kill-
ing his sister-in-law. His widow hardly knows
how to dress under the circumstances.

"Old Subscriber" queries: "Where would
Satan go if he lost his tail?" To a saloon, of
course, where they retail bad spirits.

Love is said to be blind. This will explain
why the young lover never sees the dog till it
is too late to save the seat of his pantaloons.

When it is too wet to work corn it is always
dry enough to go to a circus. There are no
drawbacks in the great economy of nature.

"Look at the baste, with his two toothpicks
sticking out of his mouth," was how the sight
of an elephant first affected Bridget Muldoon.

A member of the Crib Club informs us that
Patsy Shepard has brought over a new light-
weight. "An English coal dealer, we suppose."

"No, sir," "no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
I don't want folks to come along, read my name
on it and ask: 'Now, who was he, anyway?'"

"Champagne! Do I like champagne?" said
a drunkard. "No, sir; none for me, so long
as I can drink milk from a cow that cost \$10,-
000."

The school-boy who said that Socrates was
the man who invented socks, soon discovered
that the school-master's knees were not Demos
thens.

A little boy had been sent to get a towel be-
low the nursery fire-place. "Mamma, is it
done when it is brown?" he asked as the towel
began to smoke.

"But these hacks are dangerous. We might
get the small pox." "You've no cause to be
afraid of my coach, mum, for I've had 'ind
weed vaccinated and it took beautiful."

"Now, then, Patrick," said the merchant to
his new office boy, "suppose you go for the
mail." "Yes, sir; and what kind of male wud
ye want?" "Indian male or good male?"

"Don't you think you have a good mamma,
Edward?" asked Mrs. Moore, dated Novem-
ber 20th, A. D. 1881, and recorded in the office
of the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne,
Michigan, on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1884.

"Yes, sir; and what kind of male wud
ye want?" "Indian male or good male?"

"Don't you think you have a good mamma,
Edward?" asked Mrs. Moore, dated

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